

an church. John Bowen, a Civil war veteran, was born here and was a tinsmith, working for Moses and Scurry on Main street where Newberry's is now located. When the postoffice was on Park place he was assistant postmaster and with clerks Hal Jadwin and Ed Yarrington carried on with Postmaster Lambert Yarrington. John Bowen raised the flag on the postoffice when it was opened on North Main street.

Move Postoffice?

"Harry Gelder startled me some time ago by saying the Postoffice was to be moved. Asking why, he said, 'They think it would look better to have a fourth gas station at that corner.'

"The Alexanders gave us the Y' and its value is greatly appreciated but several years ago the gentleman in charge fell down on the job by harboring truants. One was from my school and Etta Fey and I went after the gentleman, hard and fast. Recently I learned that Mr. Wilson (the present Y secretary) chased out a boy of school age who came in during school hours. Cheers for Mr. Wilson!

"Remember when 'Gov. Dix' brought the first pink catalogues to town, and people wouldn't buy them—too small—but Mother took a chance and they were delicious. He always peddled good things.

"Mary Gallagher, our leading milliner, was always helping some poor creature. One day a woman, badly battered by her husband, came into the store. Mary gave her a new hat and she was leaving, she turned to Mary and said, 'You never married.' 'No,' said Mary, and the woman with a husband and a marred face said, 'O that's too bad.'

"Nealon, Moffitt, Gorman and Voyle — four storekeepers, each near the other, were all downtown, which was the business center of the town at that time.

'Mother Johnson's Lot'

"Reynshanhurst, named by J. F. Reynolds and John Shannon, was once known as Mother Johnson's lot, not a very desirable place, but children played there. An old man who liked to brag used to tell the children, 'I most saw a fox once.'

Rev. G. R. Alden was once pastor of the Presbyterian church. His wife wrote the 'Pansy' books, and Grace Livingston, a niece who visited here in summer, is a noted writer. Raymond, their son, a rosy checked boy that we all liked, has

written many short stories. If any of you want a child's book buy 'Why the Chimes Rang'—it's a beautiful story for young or old.

"Hagen's Shot store, located between Seventh and Eighth avenues on South Main street, was a great attraction to the young girls who liked Charlie and some of them even went in asking for plaid silk on a spool just for a chat with him.

"Circuses were held on the Parade Ground (now Memorial park) where domestic animals roamed at will until an ordinance was passed by the council.

"Remember Barry Rowson—who lived next to Trinity church. The house was later moved to the rear of the lot. Barry was a member of the Riverside Tennis club and we were on deck at 5 a. m. for a game before breakfast and then off to work. He died in Tacoma a few weeks ago and I was privileged to read a beautiful radio tribute to him.

Fine Neighbors

"The Carbondale News said former City Treasurer Jack Hart is seen about town. He lived on the north side of the D & H. trestle on Dundaff street. His sister Alice was matron at the Emergency hospital, now General. Both were fine neighbors in days gone by.

"Ernest Skeels was a veteran D. & H. railroad conductor for 57 years and well known from Wilkes-Barre to Nineveh. A drunk one day being asked by Skeels as to where he wanted to go, said, 'to hell,' and Skeels replied, 'Well, give me your ticket and get off at Archbald.'

Old Bells In City

"Ed Davis, son of Engineer Davis at Plane 28, was an employe of the D. & H. For a number of years he has been treasurer of the D. & H. Co.

"Thomas Gillispie came here and saw the need of a bank and was instrumental in the formation of the First National bank, of which H. S. Pierce was president.

"Salem avenue was Graded School Hill, Eighth avenue was Gas House lane, Pike street was

Turnpike road, Canaan street was No. 1 hall, Belmont street was Tan nery road and Seventh avenue was Rafferty's hill.

"Dr. Rafferty lived at Seventh and Park street. When he was tipsy he would run up the hill on tiptoe, his long curly hair flying in the breeze.

"I had been told that the ball at Mount Carmel church was an old

one belonging to the city, but an Episcopalian sent me word that it was old D. & H. engine bell used at their church. The first bell brought to Carbondale was purchased by the Presbyterian congregation. It hung in the modest little church. It rang out at the beginning of each word day and called the laborers home at noon and vening. It tolled the exact number of years of the life of any departed citizen of prominence.

"Samuel Mills came here from Connecticut by ox-cart and established a mercantile business in 1834—now as Mills Brothers it's the oldest in the city.

"Alexander Bryden was the hero in an early mine disaster, risking his life for others.

"The old Stone Shop, often called Wyllie's shop, still stands at the head of North Main street and not so many years ago pupils from No. 8 school took part in a flag raising but the old white horse has passed on after years of service. The Gravity is no more, and we do not arise at 5 a. m. and trudge up to Farview for the lovely arbutus—those happy days are gone.

"Remember when John Kelly taught school up Dundaff way and every school day came down River street with two of his good teachers—Margaret Murphy (Brennan) and Margaret Moffitt (Loftus)?

Prof. Hockenberry

"Prof Hockenberry was at 'Old High'—a teacher and a friend. He left us many fine thoughts and taught us 'never to end a sentence with a preposition.' How he would rave at commentators and radio announcers were he alive today!

He never scolded us for sliding down the banisters instead of walking the stairs. After years of service he left here but returned to a wonderful reception and dinner. He and Mrs. Hockenberry have passed, but a letter of thanks added that the love that he and Mrs. Hockenberry would have given daughters had been given to Mayberth Malaun and your truly, and yet he always called me a rascal. Maybert and I had always kept in touch with them.

"Remember Miss Hutchins who became blind in her later years? I do. She made me learn 'Jimmie McNeal's Ride' but I also learned music from her. Then there was Miss Joslin the little woman at High. We liked her but she always refuse a drink of our lemonade made at intermissions. She must have refused because we used only one lemon for several people.